

## INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

## ONE OF NEW-YORK'S ANNUAL DIVERSIONS—THE ENGLISH AMATEURS NOW HERE.

International cricket games may now be considered an annual occurrence in New-York, for every year there is some foreign team of English, Irish or Australian composition playing in New-York. Last year there was a visit from the famous Australians, and this year the strong amateur team under P. F. Warner played at Staten Island during the week.

New-York, of course, cannot lay claim to the standard of skill of its opponents in these

for it. "The Bath Enterprise" says the cows have become so accustomed to this that they will strike out without a moment's hesitation, and remarks: "It makes a spectacle worth looking at when the fifteen cows all plunge into the water and swim for their feeding ground."

## THACKERAY'S KINDNESS.

From The People.

Payn knew Thackeray intimately, and has some entertaining reminiscences of his editorial troubles when Thackeray presided over the fortunes of "The Cornhill Magazine." Communications from his contributors, and especially the would-be ones, annoyed and often distressed him. Payn recalls his complaining of one of them with a vigor and irritation which amused him exceedingly. A young fellow had

## BREAKING QUARANTINE.

## EXPERIENCES OF A NORTHERN YELLOW FEVER PATIENT IN SHREVEPORT.

A man now living in New-York, who had the yellow fever in Shreveport, La., in the epidemic of 1879, told a Tribune reporter the other day of his experiences in escaping from the infected district.

"My case was not a very dangerous one," he said, "though I thought I felt bad enough at the time. The feeling is one of such utter lassitude that a 'Yellow Jack' patient isn't likely to have much ambition to live. After being sick for three days in Shreveport I felt as if I must

deserved the appellation of trousers, were held up by one suspender stretched diagonally across his chest from his right shoulder, and they were tucked inside a pair of uncommonly muddy top boots. I looked up at him and asked:

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes," he said; "what's the matter with you?"

"Well," I replied, "I've got a case of Yellow Jack, and though I guess I'm out of danger now, I thought I'd better see you and find out what diet would be best for me."

"Humph," he grunted, looking at me attentively. "Where are you from?"

"I told him I belonged in the North and was going back there as fast as I could."

"Ah," he said. "Well, you must keep up your courage. You Northern fellows generally die the quickest, but that's nothing to depend on. The thing to do is to be cheerful and not give up."

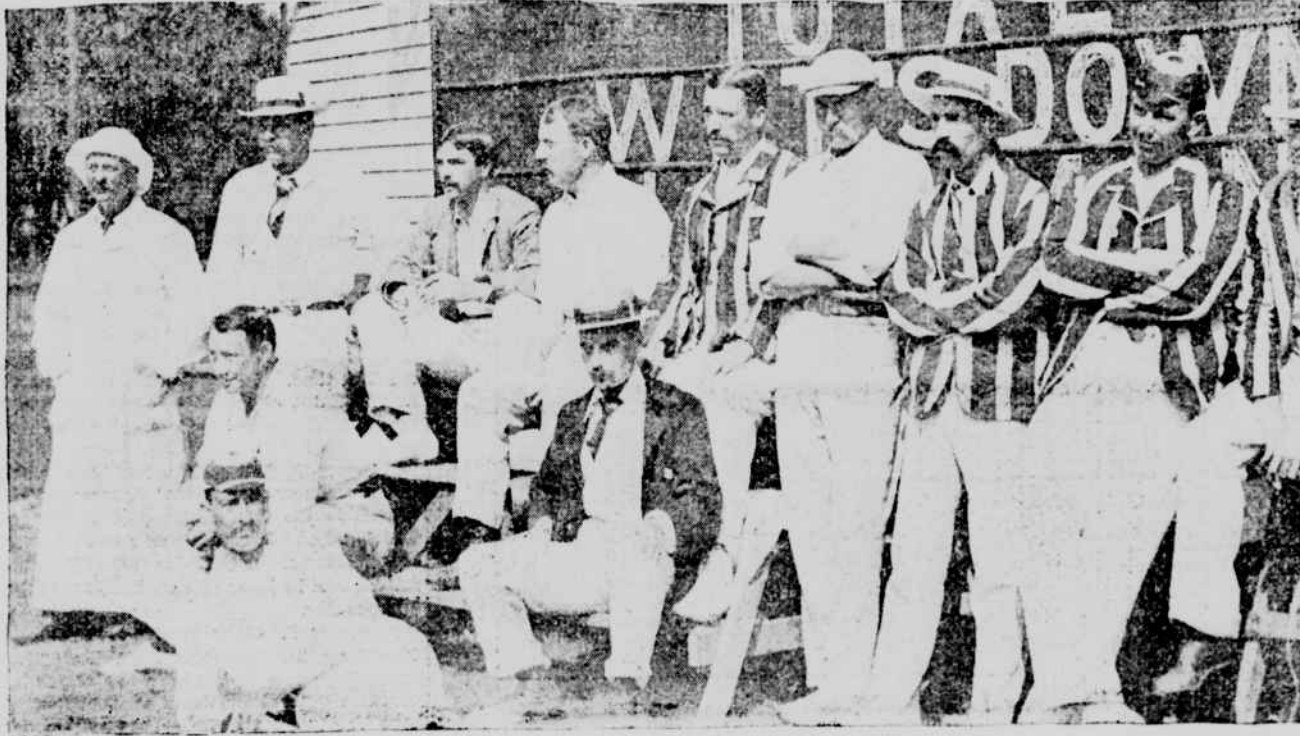
"This was scarcely inspiring news, but I acted on his advice and succeeded in obtaining from him some directions as to my food and drink. In a few hours I was able to take the train for Vicksburg. There they were just raising the quarantine, and I got into the city. It looked deserted, and all the prominent hotels were closed, but the people declared, as they invariably do in an infected place, that there was 'no fever in the town.' I was soon on my way to the North, but I didn't feel as if I had left the danger district behind until I was well on this side of Mason and Dixon's line."

## MME. BERNHARDT'S CASTLE.

From The Sketch.

Sarah Bernhardt is no more of the monde qui s'amuse. She is hidden away in the rocky fastness of La Belle-Isle-en-Mer, in the old castle that she has restored, around which the seagulls hover and against whose buttresses the waves roar. The way in which the castle came into her possession is curious. She was staying at Beg-Meil, and one day she decided to row out to the gloomy-looking island. The more she saw of the island the more it fascinated her. "Ah, if one only had the chance to live here, right away from the roar of Paris!" she said. She led her party on, skipping from rock to rock with the ease of a schoolboy, and never took breath till she was at the end of the promontory. Then she stopped with an "Oh!" of joy, for at the furthest point stood an old ruin of a castle that had not been inhabited for a couple of centuries.

Over the doorway hung a grimy legend: "A vendre, 3,000 francs." Sarah bought the ruins forthwith, and set about making two or three rooms just habitable, for it was her idea to live the veritable life of the hermit, and she had no wish to reproduce the glories of her hotel in the Boulevard Pétrelle in this wild spot. But I am afraid she did not get on as she would have wished with the simple fisher folk. She offered to buy them a splendid craft to replace the ramshackle arrangement that they used; but they declined and crossed themselves in awe, for was not she a "play actress" and an "accursed," according to their simple notions? At any rate, today Sarah has modernized the Fort des Poulains, and there poor Alexandre Dumas passed some of the happiest hours of his declining days, and there Victorien Sardou, Coppée and the most famous artists of the Parisian stage foregather



INTERNATIONAL CRICKET—THE STATEN ISLAND CRICKET CLUB TEAM.

matches, for it must be remembered that the visiting elevens are usually composed of men who do nothing but play cricket from May to September, while the busy New-Yorker has to content himself with generally one match a week, and perhaps one or two evenings of practice when he can spare the time away from business.

P. F. Warner's team comprises for the most part young players, who, however, have won their spurs at the great public schools, in the universities or playing for their counties. Mr. Warner is himself one of the best bats on the Middlesex County team. He is a pleasant and affable young man, and should prove of far greater popularity than either Lord Hawke or Frank Mitchell, the captains of the two previous English teams which have visited this country.

F. W. Stocks is the youngest member of the visiting eleven, although his six feet of height would not give one the impression that he is only nineteen years old. H. B. Chinnery looks about sixteen, but owns up to at least four years more. He and G. L. Jessop are about the two best all-around players on the team, the latter especially having accomplished the feat this year in England of scoring one thousand runs and obtaining one hundred wickets. F. G. Bull is the best bowler of the team, and he is also considered the chief amateur slow bowler of England. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower is one of the best bats and certainly one of the most scientific players on the eleven. R. A. Bennett is the wicket-keeper, and a hitter of a vigorous style, who can score rapidly when set. A. D. Whatman can also take the position of stumper, and he, too, is a hard-hitting batsman. H. H. Marriott and W. McG. Hemmingway were both members of the Cambridge team which played here in 1895. They are both good batsmen, and Hemmingway is considered the best "cover-point" in England. J. R. Head and J. N. Tonge are the veterans of the team, and they are both good men with the willow.

The New-York team which played against this powerful team comprised R. T. Rokey, the captain of the Staten Island Cricket Club, and A. E. Paterson and H. N. Townsend, of the same organization; six members of the New-Jersey A. C. were given places on the team, M. R. Cobb, F. F. Kelly, C. H. Clark, J. F. Curran, H. C. Wright and C. P. Hurditch, who, with F. J. Prendergast and J. Adam, of the Manhattans, formed the team.

The Englishmen will play two games in Philadelphia against representative teams of the Quaker City. The first of the games will take place on the grounds of the Belmont Cricket Club, at Elmwood, on Friday, Saturday and Monday, the 24th, 25th and 27th of this month, and the second will be played on the grounds of the Merion Cricket Club, at Haverford, on Friday, Saturday and Monday, October 1, 2 and 4.

## COWS THAT SWIM TO PASTURE.

From The Lewiston Journal.

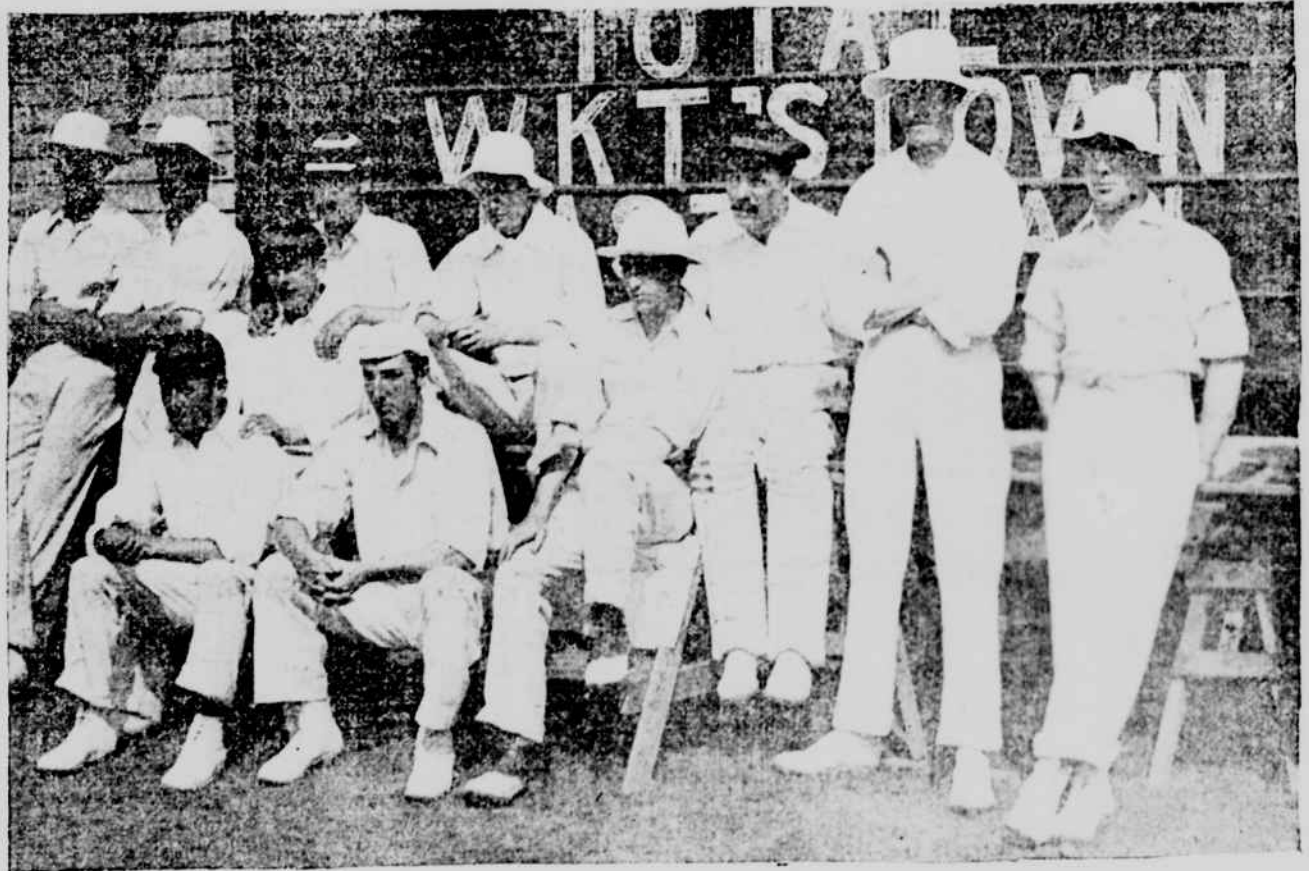
A North Bath milkman has, perhaps, the unique pasture of Maine. It is an island, and when the tide is high the cows have to swim

sent him a long story, for which he demanded particular attention "from the greatest of novelists" upon the ground that he had a sick sister entirely dependent upon him for support. Thackeray was touched by the appeal, and, contrary to his custom, wrote his correspondent a long letter of advice, inclosing also (which was by no means contrary to his custom) some pecuniary assistance. "I feel for your position," he said, "and appreciate your motive for exertion; but I must tell you at once that you will never do anything in literature. Your contribution is worthless in every way, and it is the truest kindness both to her for

get out of the neighborhood somehow. If I were going to die, I made up my mind I'd do it on the way home and not in that pestilential spot. The city was quarantined, making departure by rail impossible, so I hired a dinky with a mule-cart to take me eastward to some place beyond the quarantine limit.

## THE DRIVER GOT THE WHISKEY.

"I took a big jug of whiskey with me for the journey, but Yellow Jack didn't get much of it. My driver found out its location, and he was



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whom you are working and to yourself to tell you so straight. Turn your mind at once to some other industry." This produced a reply from the young man that astonished Thackeray a great deal more than it surprised Payn. It was couched in the most offensive terms conceivable and ended by telling the "great novelist" that, although he had attained by good luck to the top of the tree, he would one day find himself where he deserved to be, at the bottom of it. "For my part," said Thackeray (upon Payn showing some preliminary symptoms of suffocation), "I see little to laugh at. What a stupid, ungrateful beast the man must be! If ever I waste another half-hour in writing to a creature of that sort, call me a horse or worse!"

drunk most of the way thereafter. I had to make the journey by easy stages on account of my weakness, and when we finally reached a little place from which I could proceed by rail I was pretty well worn out and wanted to see a doctor. I inquired for one, and after some delay I heard that he was coming.

"The door of the room where I was opened abruptly, and in stalked a tall, powerful man, whose costume was one of the most extraordinary I had yet come across. He had a big fur cap on his head, and his shirt was of the 'hickory' variety. His 'pants,' for they never

when Sarah gives the sign that she is a hermit once more. The fishing is excellent and Sarah dotes on fishing; the shooting is abundant and Sarah can shoulder a gun, and for dreaming and thinking she says there is no place like it.

## FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Proofreader (in the loud monotone of the profession): "Among the sales reported yesterday was that of two horses at \$10 each—that must be wrong!"

Copyholder: That's all right. You'll find it stated in the next line that "horses are becoming quite a fad in some sections." Go on.